

# THE SKYLIGHT ROOM

By O. Henry

First Mrs. Parker would show you the double parlors. You would not dare to interrupt her description of their advantages and of the merits of the gentleman who had occupied them for eight years. Then you would manage to stammer forth the confusion that you were neither a doctor nor a dentist. Mrs. Parker's manner of receiving the admission was such that you could never afterward entertain the same feeling toward your parents, who had neglected to train you up in one of the professions that fitted Mrs. Parker's parlors.

Next you ascended one flight of stairs and looked at the second-floor-back at \$5. Convinced by her second-floor manner that it was worth the \$12 that Mr. Tooseberry always paid for it until he left to take charge of his brother's orange plantation in Florida, near Palm Beach, where Mrs. McIntyre always spent the winters that had the double front room with private bath, you managed to babble that you wanted something still cheaper.

If you survived Mrs. Parker's scorn, you were taken to look at Mr. Skidder's large hall room on the third floor. Mr. Skidder's room was not vacant. He wrote plays and smoked cigarettes in it all day long. But every room-hunter was made to visit his room to admire the lambrequins. From the fright caused by possible evasion, would pay something on his rent.

Then—oh, then—if you still stood on one foot, with your hot hand clutching the three molar dollars in your pocket and humbly proclaiming your hideous and culpable poverty, nevermore would Mrs. Parker

be cicerone of yours. She would hark loudly the word "Clara," she would show you her back, and march downstairs. Then Clara, the colored maid, would escort you up the fourth flight, and show you the skylight room. It occupied 183 feet of floor space at the middle of the hall. On each side of it was a dark lumber closet or storeroom. In it was an iron cot, a washstand and a chair. A shelf was the dresser. Its four bare walls seemed to close in upon you like the sides of a coffin. Your hand crept to your throat, you gasped, you looked up as from a well—and breathed once more. Through the glass of the little skylight you saw a square of blue infinity.

"Two dollars, sah," Clara would say in her half-contemptuous half-Tuskegeen tones.

One day Miss Leeson came hunting for a room. She carried a typewriter made to be logged around by a much larger lady. She was a very little girl, with eyes and hair that had kept on growing after she had stopped and that always looked as if they were saying: "Goodness me! Why didn't you keep up with us?" Mrs. Parker showed her the double parlors. "In this closet," she said, "one could keep a skeleton or anaesthetic or coal."

"But I am neither a doctor nor a dentist," said Miss Leeson, with a shiver.

Mrs. Parker gave her the incredulous, pitying, sneering, icy stare that she kept for those who failed to qualify as doctors or dentists, and led the way to the second floor back. "Eight dollars!" said Miss Leeson.

"Dear me! I'm not Hetty if I do look green. I'm just a poor little working girl. Show me something higher and lower."

Mr. Skidder jumped and screwed the floor with cigarette stubs at the rap on his door.

"Excuse me, Mr. Skidder," said Mrs. Parker, with her demon's smile and pale looks. "I didn't know you were in. I asked the lady to have a look at your lambrequins."

"They're too lovely for anything," said Miss Leeson, smiling in exactly the way the angels do.

After they had gone Mr. Skidder got very busy erasing the tall, black-haired heroine from his last manuscript and inserting a small, roguish one with heavy, bright hair and vivacious features.

"Anna Held'll jump at it," said Mr. Skidder to himself, putting his feet up against the lambrequins and disappearing in a cloud of smoke like an aerial cutiepie.

Presently the tocsin call of "Clara!" sounded to the world the state of Miss Leeson's purse. A dark koblin seized her, mounted a Stygian stairway, thrust her into a vault with a glimmer of light in its top and muttered the menacing and cabalistic words "Two dollars!"

"I'll take it!" sighed Miss Leeson, sinking down upon the squeaky iron bed.

Every day Miss Leeson went out to work. At night she brought home papers with handwriting on them and made copies with her typewriter. Sometimes she had no work at night, and then she would sit on the steps of the high stoop with the other roomers. Miss Leeson was not intended for a skylight room when the plans were drawn for her creation. She was gay-hearted and full of tender, whimsical fancies. Once she let Mr. Skidder read to her three acts of his greatest (unpublished) comedy, "It's No Kid, or The Heir of the Subway."

There was rejoicing among the gentlemen roomers whenever Miss Leeson had time to sit on the steps for an hour or two. But Miss Longnecker, the tall blonde who taught in a public school and said, "Well, really!" to everything you said, sat on the step and sniffed. And Miss Dorn, who shot at the moving ducks at Coney every Sunday and worked in a department store, sat on the bottom step and sniffed. Miss Leeson sat on the middle step and the men would group around her.

Especially Mr. Skidder, who had cast her in his mind for the star part in a private, romantic (unpublished) drama in real life. And especially Mr. Hoover, who was 45, fat, flush and foolish. And especially very young Mr. Evans, who set up a hollow cough to induce her to ask him to leave off cigarettes. The men voted her "the funniest and jolliest ever," but the sniffs on the top step and the lower step were implacable.

As Mrs. Parker's roomers sat thus one summer's evening, Miss Leeson looked up into the firmament and cried with her little gasp: "Why, there's Billy Jackson! I can see him from down here, too."

All looked up—some at the windows of skyscrapers, some casting about for an airship, Jackson-guided.

"It's that star," explained Miss Leeson, pointing with a tiny finger. "Not the big one that twinkles—the steady blue one near it. I can see it every night through my skylight. I named it Billy Jackson."

"Well, really!" said Miss Longnecker. "I didn't know you were an astronomer, Miss Leeson."

"Oh, yes," said the small star gazer. "I know as much as any of them about the style of sleeves they're going to wear next fall in Mars."

"Well, really!" said Miss Longnecker. "The star you refer to is Gamma, of the constellation Cassiopeia. It is nearly of the second magnitude, and its meridian passage is—"

"Oh," said the very young Mr. Evans. "If I think Billy Jackson is a much better name for it."

"Same here," said Mr. Hoover, loudly breathing defiance to Miss Longnecker. "I think Miss Leeson has just as much right to name stars as any of those old astrologers had."

"Well, really!" said Miss Longnecker.

"I wonder whether it's a shooting star," remarked Miss Dorn. "I hit nine ducks and a rabbit out of ten in the gallery at Coney Sunday."

"He doesn't show up very well from down here," said Miss Leeson. "You ought to see him from my room. You know you can see stars even in the daytime from the bottom of a well. At night my room is like the shaft of a coal mine, and it makes Billy Jackson look like the big diamond pin that Night fastens her kimono with."

There came a time after that when Miss Leeson brought no formidable papers home to copy. And when she went from office to office and let her heart melt away in the drip of cold refusals transmitted through insolent office boys. This went on.

There came an evening when she wearily climbed Mrs. Parker's stoop at the hour when she always returned from her dinner at the restaurant. But she had had no dinner.

As she stepped into the hall Mr. Hoover met her and seized his chance. He asked her to marry him, and so his fatness hovered above her like an avalanche. She dodged, and caught the balustrade. He tried to see you most of the time up there when there wasn't anything else but darkness to look at, didn't you? Millions of miles. Good-bye, Billy Jackson.

Clara, the colored maid, found the door locked in the next day, and they forced it open. Vinegar, and the snapping of wrists and burnt feathers proving of no avail, some one ran to phone for an ambulance.

In due time it backed up to the door with much gong-clanging, and the capable young medico, in his white linen coat, ready, active, confident, with his smooth face half-debonair, half grim, danced up the steps.

"Ambulance call to 45," he said, briefly. "What's the trouble?"

"Oh, yes, doctor," said Mrs. Parker, as though her trouble that there should be trouble in the house was the greater. "I can't think what can be the matter with her, but that small square of pallid light

EVERETT TRUE

BY CONDO



TELL YOUR PAPA TO TURN FROM THE FINANCIAL PAGE TO THE MORTUARY COLUMN AND SEE IF ANY LITTLE CHILDREN DIED YESTERDAY! HE WILL PROBABLY TAKE MORE INTEREST IN YOU!



## ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

by Olive Roberts Barton



"Say," he whispered, "do you s'pose that he means us?"

Now, my dears, I haven't the least doubt in the world that all this time you've been thinking that Zippy Zebra and Mr. Ostrich and his wife, Zippy's good friends, (although they quarreled now and then as good friends do) were all alone out there in the Land That Was Farthest-Away-Of-All. I suppose it never occurred to you that the two great big things that looked so much like gray rocks right near where Zippy was grazing, might have been shoes with a pair of feet inside them that belonged to a funny little fairy with a curliee top-knot and a very deacon nose?

And I'm certain as Sunday that you never guessed that the four green things sticking out from beneath the bobab-bush were anything different than a very good salad dinner for Zippy himself.

But indeed you are wrong! These, also, were magic shoes and they, too, had feet in them—lovely pink ones, which kept going up into legs,

framing the star that she had so whimsically and oh, so ineffectually named. Miss Longnecker must be right; it was Gamma, of the constellation Cassiopeia, and not Billy Jackson. And yet she could not let it be Gamma.

As she lay on her back, she tried twice to raise her arm. The third



His face was that of one who bears his own dead.

time she got two thin fingers to her lips and blew a kiss out of the black pit to Billy Jackson. Her arm fell back limply.

"Good-bye, Billy," she murmured faintly. "You're millions of miles away and you won't even twinkle once. But you kept where I could see you most of the time up there when there wasn't anything else but darkness to look at, didn't you? Millions of miles. Good-bye, Billy Jackson."

Clara, the colored maid, found the door locked in the next day, and they forced it open. Vinegar, and the snapping of wrists and burnt feathers proving of no avail, some one ran to phone for an ambulance.

In due time it backed up to the door with much gong-clanging, and the capable young medico, in his white linen coat, ready, active, confident, with his smooth face half-debonair, half grim, danced up the steps.

"Ambulance call to 45," he said, briefly. "What's the trouble?"

"Oh, yes, doctor," said Mrs. Parker, as though her trouble that there should be trouble in the house was the greater. "I can't think what can be the matter with her, but that small square of pallid light

## "I Never Pass the Buck" Says Daniels When His Critics Rage

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

operated with the American and French armies six naval railway batteries of 14-inch guns, the most powerful artillery used by the allies on the western front, and the largest guns that, up to that time, had ever been placed on mobile mounts.

The navy supplied 5,352 guns to 1,584 vessels, of which guns 2,502 were of three-inch caliber or larger. In addition it furnished 326 guns of various calibers to the allies.

The navy organized and operated the most extensive radio system in existence, maintaining communication with Europe to the east and Asia to the west, and extending in north and south from Panama to Alaska. High-powered stations were built at Annapolis, San Diego, Pearl Harbor, Hawaii and Cavite, P. I., and the navy erected in France the most powerful wireless station in the world. The naval communication service handled in a single year, by wire and radio, 71,347,860 words.

Great Lakes World Beater.

The navy carried out a shore-construction program involving over \$146,000,000, including the building of a score of training camps, with the largest naval training station in the world at Great Lakes, Ill., with a capacity of 50,000 men; fleet oper-

ating base at Hampton Roads, Va.; a vast projectile and armor plate plant at Charleston, W. Va.; the largest of mine-loading stations at Yorktown; dry docks at Philadelphia, Pearl Harbor and other points; immense machine shops and storage warehouses, and the erection in Washington of the largest concrete structures, having a floor space of 41 acres.

The appropriations for the navy amounted to \$2,692,554,254, of which \$324,360,448 was returned to the treasury. This vast sum was expended with such economy, the navy securing materials, fuel and supplies at so much lower prices than general warehouses, and the erection in ally prevailed, that here has been no charge whatever of graft or wastefulness.

The organization of the navy department and the fleet, put into effect in 1915, proved so efficient that it expanded easily to meet all war requirements, and no basic change whatever was found necessary during the entire war period.

These are only a few of the outstanding things that were done by our navy. The record speaks for itself—and it is a record of which every American may well be proud.

Copyright, 1921 by John F. Dille. Copyright by National Newspaper Service. Copyright in Great Britain, Canada and throughout France. All rights reserved.

## Noted Aviator Dies When Auto Crashes Street Car

By United Press.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., May 17.—Klaus A. Bergenthal, aviator with Pancho Villa in Mexico in 1915, and well known Milwaukee clubman, was killed here today when his automobile crashed into a street car.

When his car, a small roadster, struck the trolley car, the impact hurled Bergenthal through the windshield. He struck the pavement with his head. He was dead when an ambulance reached a hospital.

Bergenthal, who was 28 years old, was the owner of one of Milwaukee's first planes and reached the Mexican front a few hours before Villa's defeat at the hands of Gen. Obregon, now president of the southern republic.

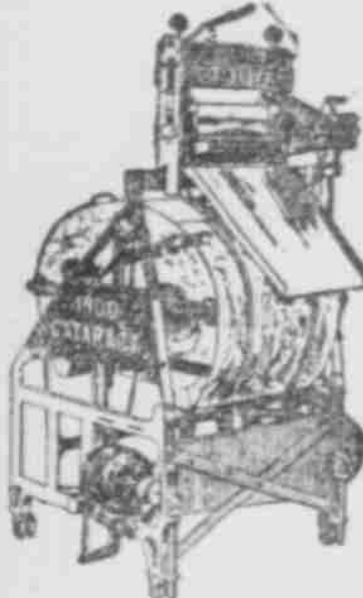
WANG WANG BLUES

and some other especially nice dance records, as well as new quartet records, in the June list, besides a wonderful new recording of John McCormick's "Dear Little Shamrock." The C. W. Copp Music Shop.

The inhabitants of Jutland are believed to be the most genuine specimens of the old Danish stock.



For after you pop the clothes in the shiny copper tub of the 1900 Cataract Electric Washer, the water swirls back and forth through them in a figure 8 movement four times oftener than in the ordinary washer. This figure 8 motion is an exclusive feature of the 1900!



No wear and tear on the clothes, either, for there are no parts in the tub to rub against them, or to lift out and clean after the wash is finished. And the swinging reversible wringer that works electrically saves many a step.

Try the 1900 for yourself. We'll deliver one right to your home. After you have seen what it will do, start paying for it on terms to suit your convenience.

Call, phone or write  
1900 CATARACT WASHER  
Electric Service Co.  
115-117 W. Colfax Ave.

## ASBESTOS Shingles

Come to Our Office,  
Broadway and Lafayette,

Friday at 2 P. M., May 20th

And we will prove to you by a practical demonstration that you can get a beautiful fireproof and everlasting roof at a moderate cost.

Representatives of the Johns-Manville Co. will be here to demonstrate the application of Asbestos Shingles over old wood shingles.

Come in and be Convinced.

CITY LUMBER COMPANY  
BROADWAY & LAFAYETTE

We sell Lumber of all kinds.

WELL KNOWN  
SOUTH BEND MEN  
who own  
South Bend Watches

94—H. P. RAUSCH, Asst. Cashier, Citizens National Bank; Treasurer, South Bend Canoe Club; Member of American Legion; B. P. O. E. and all branches of the Masonic Order.

You, too, should Boost South Bend by Wearing a South Bend Watch

ONE true, real honest-to-goodness friend is worth a dozen friends of the "fair weather" variety.

Money in the bank is always a faithful friend. One you can safely count on at a time when you need help most.

Have you such a friend? If not, why not? It only takes \$1.00 to start a savings account with this bank. Decide now to start.

AMERICAN TRUST COMPANY  
At the Sign of the Clock

DR. WILLIAM JACKSON, the ambulance physician who attended the case, says the patient will recover.

PERSONAL

I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by my wife, Ruth Spencer. Robert Spencer.

8634-1—Advt.

BUEHLER BROTHERS  
319 South Michigan St.

Beef Pot Roast ..... 10c pound  
Fresh Hamburger ..... 12c pound  
Pure Lard ..... 14c pound

8633-1

Mr. Venizelos, when premier of Greece, signed the Turkish treaty with the most valuable pen in the world. Studied with diamonds and tank what can be the matter with him, it is worth \$50,000.